

Editorially

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Mt. Sterling Advocate.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL, IDENTICAL IN INTEREST WITH ITS OWN PEOPLE.

The People's Organ.

Largest circulation of any journal in the Tenth Congressional District.

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FACTS and OBSERVATIONS

AT THE INAUGURATION.

For the first time in his life the writer attended the inauguration of a Governor. We were not introduced to all the visitors in town, nor did we absorb all the tobacco smoke in the lobby of the Capitol. We had no axe to grind or job to fix, so did not button-hole any of the Senators or Representatives, nor are we hoping to receive a voluntary appointment from the Governor for our invaluable services to our party during the exciting (?) campaign. As we have fought, bled and died in maintaining the principles of Democracy, and will do it again, our loyalty to the party can not be questioned: we were actuated by no sordid or selfish motive. Freely was our sacrifice of eloquence and service placed upon the altar of our country in whatever tours we made or dangers encountered. The appreciation of a grateful public is our reward.

Being of the great common people we did not ride with the distinguished men of State in the procession, nor did we with the hundreds march through the city, over the river and back again. From the curbing we witnessed the passage of the great procession, greeting Auditor-elect S. W. Hager, our own Judge Ed. C. O'Rear, Senator Caswell Frewitt, H. K. Frewitt, and Chas. E. Day, of Morehead.

Some one said there were 1,200 soldiers (militia and cadets) in line; there were county delegations, bands, 50 police from Louisville, fire department, and on horse back as motley a crowd as can be found anywhere. After the procession returned from S. Frankfort Governor Beckham reviewed the procession from a stand at entrance to State House grounds.

As we walked in the street our progress was suddenly arrested by a young fellow in uniform who placed a bayonet in front of us and told us take the sidewalk. Of course we took. Approaching the State House we saw the spot where fell the lamented Goebel, marked by a marble slab in the pavement, also the hole in hackberry tree made in removing the bullet which did its deadly work.

The inaugural stand was erected in front of the steps to State House. Extensive decorations adorned the front of building and stand. In the center of archway of stand was the picture of Gov. Goebel. The Mayor of the city welcomed the thousands. Rev. C. J. Nugent, formerly of this city, offered prayer.

We stood and heard the inaugural address of our distinguished Governor, who for the third time was to receive the oath of office. (See extracts elsewhere.)

The oath of office was administered by Judge Burnam of the Court of Appeals. W. P. Thorne then took the oath as Lieutenant

Governor. An expected feature was a brief speech by him. He said: "I can't act officially to-day, because the Governor is not out of the State. I do want to say right here, however, and I don't want you to forget, that I made a lot of promises about pardons that I don't intend to fulfill. If I made those promises the Republican party made pardons an issue in the campaign, and I want to tell any of you that are seeking them that you

Governor. We were of the number. Our salutation was: "May the Lord give thee a wise and understanding heart, to discern between good and bad."

As the Governor was en route to his office we were amused to see about six uniformed young men with guns running to keep up with him.

Walking in the middle of the

Geo. Darsie, pastor of the Christian Church. From these gentlemen we learned more definitely about the recent revival by Rev. Strouse, who so stirred up some folks; also referred to some temperance matters.

We caught a special over the L. & N. (intended for soldiers) to Lexington and thus reached home on the first evening train, but missed the chance to attend the Inaugural Ball; bawls are nothing new to us, as we were initiated at an early period of our life, and have had an occasional observation since.

When Bed Time Comes.

On a Santa Fe train coming out of Kansas City one night was a mother and her brood of five girls and one boy. They had left Illinois the day before, and were on their way to "the new country," where the husband and father has a claim, which is the new home. The oldest girl appeared about fifteen, and from that age down to the only boy, a chubby little fellow about four.

Their dress and manner showed that they had not been reared in the midst of luxury and opulence, but with all they were modest children and scrupulously clean. The mother was thin and bony, her face slick and haggard from the long trip and the care of her precious flock, for there were twenty-four hours yet before the journey's end.

It was after bed-time when the train left Kansas City and the younger ones were soon yawning and scarcely able to keep awake. In fact, the pet of the family had closed his eyes and was fast approaching "shut eye town" while the next eldest tugged at him while she looked appealingly to her mother with an expression that was pitiful. He musn't go to sleep yet! The others began whispering among themselves and then to the mother, as if something exciting had happened or would happen soon, all of which attracted the attention of the other passengers, who sat in wonderment as they tried to divine the cause of so much whispering to keep the last one awake.

They occupied seats in the front end of the car, including three long seats which ran along the smoking car partition.

Presently the cause of all this excitement was made plain, it was bed time and they had not said their prayers. Quietly, modestly, without ostentation, yes even timidly, the mother and her children knelt together at the long seat, the baby bowing his head with the rest and rubbing with chubby hands his eyes that would hardly stay open, while the evening prayers were said.

Just for a moment, and then they arose, the children were made as comfortable as possible for the night and soon all but the mother were asleep, while the moistened eyes and quivering lips of the other passengers, the traveling men with the grips, the politician with his schemes, the business man with his

THE OLD RELIABLE



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worries, yes, even the old reprobate of the News paid a silent but mighty tribute to the greatest civilizing agent of all ages, the Christian religion.

Here, oh, ye teachers of theology, is a sermon greater than you ever preached!

Here, oh, ye choirs, is an anthem sweeter than ye ever sang!

Here, oh ye host of Israel, quarreling over creeds and doctrines and torn with strife and envy is a lesson more powerful than you ever taught!

God save the mother and her brood, bring them to their home in safety, and to their last home in peace.—Selected.

Good Cares.

What a vast proportion of our lives is spent in anxious and useless forebodings concerning the future either our own or that of our dear ones. Present joys, present blessings, slip by and we miss half their flavor, and all for want of faith in Him who provides for the tiniest insect in the sunbeam.

Oh, when shall we learn the sweet trust in God that our little children tell us every day by their confiding faith in us? We, who are so mutable so faulty, so irritable, so unjust; and He who is so watchful, so pitiful, so loving, so forgiving?

Why cannot we, slipping our hand into His each day, walk trustingly over that day's appointed path, thorny or flowery, crooked or straight, knowing that evening will bring us sleep, peace, and home?

PHILIPS BROOKS.

Caught Again.

Residents of Asbury Park, N. J., invested \$200,000 in the Frazer Mountain Copper Company, of New Mexico. The company has gone into the hands of a receiver. The company owes \$107,000 and has only \$7 in the treasury. It was capitalized at \$1,000,000 and all stock was disposed of.

Hints to Good Living.

Let us take time for the good-bye kiss. We shall go the day's work with a sweeter spirit for it.

Let us take time for the evening prayer. Our sleep will be more restful if we have claimed the guardianship of God.

Let us take time to speak sweet, not foolish words to those we love.

Let us take time to read our Bible. Its treasures will last when we shall have ceased to care for the war of political parties, the rise and fall of stocks, or the petty happenings of the day.

Let us take time to be pleasant. The small courtesies which we often omit because they are small will some day look larger to us than the wealth which we have coveted, or the fame for which we have struggled.

Let us take the time to get acquainted with Christ. The hour is coming swiftly for us all, when one touch of his hand in the darkness will mean more than all that is written in the day book and ledger or in the records of our little social world.

Since we must all take time to die, why should we not take time to live—to live in the larger sense of a life begun here for eternity?—The Soul Winner.

Remedy for Sorrows.

If I am asked what is the remedy for the deeper sorrows of the human heart—what a man should chiefly look to in his progress through life as the power that is to sustain him under trials, and enable him manfully to confront his afflictions, I must point to something which, in a well known hymn, is called the "Old, Old Story," told of an old, old book, and taught with an old, old teaching, which is the greatest and best gift ever given to mankind.—W. E. Gladstone.

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will have to see Beckham before he leaves the State. I intend to do my full duty with the help of God, and I will say now that no jobs will go through the Kentucky Senate with me in the chair."

The benediction was pronounced by Rev. Thos. Major, of the Catholic Church.

An informal reception took place on the stand. Some strangers with out introduction congratulated the

street we dropped in with Auditor-elect S. W. Hager. His greeting us as Bruce caused his wife to look around. (They have a son named Bruce). We were introduced to her.

We then called to see Rev. and Mrs. C. J. Nugent. She was lying down. For some months she has been in feeble health.

We had a pleasant call on Rev.

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